IN A CAPUCHIN TOMB.

Ghastly Devices and Ornaments Constructed Out of Human Bones.

The Capuchin brother, attired in his long habit of coarse brown frieze, his waist encircled by a hempen rope, his stockingless feet bound in sandals, his untrimmed beard and head bare, except for a diminutive skull-cap, is a familiar sight on the streets in Rome, which he patiently traverses, carrying an earthen pitcher as a receptacle, while he begs alms from house to house.

The Church of the Fraternity is in the piazza of the same name in the immediate vicinity of the Piazza Barberini. It was founded by Cardinal Barberini brother of Pope Urban VIII., in 1624—the same Cardinal who was the friend of Milton when he visited the Eternal City in 1638. The church contains the tomb of the founder and many remarkable treasures of art, including the magnificent painting by Guido, representing "Michael the Archangel Trampling the Devil"—the latter a portrait of Pope Innocent X., for whom the painter seems to have had an inveterate hatred.

Passing through the church a few steps to the right will lead you to as ghastly and at the same time as grotesquely horrible a spectacle as the morbid searched-after flesh-creeping experiences can possibly desire. A series of four connected small apartments, the floors of which are made of earth said to have been carried from Jerusalem, contain the horrors I speak of. The walls and ceiling are liberally decorated with ornamented devices constructed by cunning workmen out of human bones. The bones of the vertebra, wrists and ankles are arranged so as to describe circles and curves. These figures are interspersed here and there with skulls, femurs and humerus, tibias, fibulas, ulnas and radius.

The same horrid ornaments are arranged around the person of a deceased brother, who appears suspended against the middle of a wall, incased in the coarse brown cloth, the garment he lived, died and was buried in. The dried skin clinging to the face of the skeleton grins in horrible mockery as the living brother, his former companion in flesh, conducts you around this decorated charnel house. He looks as though he chuckled over the fact of having been released from the grave below to give place to a brother more recently defunct, for it is the rule of the fraternity—who are compelled to make a small burial ground meet the requirements of the order—when a death takes place to dig up the longest interred to make room for his successor.

There is a quality in the earth employed that has the effect of preventing decay of the body, drying it up in mummy fashion, and preserving the hair, presenting a far more horrible effect than if bleached bones were presented to view.

There is a weird uncanniness about this strange mixture of the living and dead, and the latter divested of solemnity by environment of ornamental osteology, while the air of the survivor seems toned down to an unnatural sepulchralness—a sort of half-way condition between life and the tomb.—*Rome Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.*

THE CONGO PIGMIES.

A Race of Cunning Liliputians Living in the Heart of Africa.

Ronzo de Leo, who traveled many years in Africa with Dr. Livingstone, was one who almost stood out alone in the assertion that a race of dwarfs lived in Central Africa. In his lectures in America he told of a little people who fled to the clefts of the rocks when the explorers approached. C. Eugene Wolff, who traveled many years with Stanley, and who is now in the city, gives some queer accounts of these dwarfs. "On the southern branches of the Congo," said he to a reporter, "I have seen whole villages of these Liliputians. They are a generous little people, who live in rude huts and clear ground, engaging in varied sorts of agriculture. They are also skilled hunters and they make palm wine. They are as lithe and supple in climbing trees as monkeys or baboons, although they are physically as perfect men as any of the giant tribes thereabout, and they know as much. The men are not over four feet and a half high, while the women are a good deal smaller. These tiny little men are both brave and cunning. They are experts with the bow and arrow and readily bring down the African bison, antelope and even elephants with them. As trappers of small animals they are unsurpassed. In a close pinch they use the lance with astonishing dexterity, and an ordinary sling in their hands is wielded with wonderful skill. The dwarfs collect the sap of the palm, with which they make soap. The men are smooth-faced and of a rich mahogany color, while the hair is short, kinky and as black as night. Tens of thousands of them live on the south branch of the Congo. They are an affable, kind-hearted people, of simple ways and devoid of vicious tendencies to a greater degree than most semi-barbaric races. The women are industrious and amiable. Very queer these people look alongside the great swarthy blacks further up the Congo. The latter are of prodigious size, uncouth, rude to the remotest degree and cannibalistically inclined. The dwarfs stand in awe of them, but are so brave and cunning that, with all the odds of physique against them, the pigmies are masters of the situation."—*San Francisco Examiner.*

NEGRO SUPERSTITIONS.

Southern Darkies Who See an Omen in Nearly Every Animate Object.

The belief has prevailed among the Southern negroes for many years that the hand of a dead friend will bring continued prosperity to its possessor, and no doubt if the many colored graveyards in that section were made to give up their dead the skeletons of not a few would be found to be minus the right hand. The Southern blacks also believe that the big toe of a deceased friend, carried on the person, will keep away disease, and that the toes of an enemy can be used as charms to conjure their living enemies. Thus it is they originated the lines:

Wid dis boney toe,
I'll bring dem woe,
'Fore daylight in de mornin'.

Voudoo doctors—and there are plenty of them in the Southern States—carry on an extensive traffic in human bones and other portions of the body. They use the skull to perform a mystic ceremony for the sick, or to bring luck to a poverty-stricken family; the ears are employed in another ceremony, the outcome of which is to find out what your enemies are saying about you, and the other bones all have a mission to perform while the voudoo is humbugging his victim. The voudoo doctor is usually a naturally smart darky, with a good flow of conversation, and as much inventive genius as a Bowery confidence man. In Washington of late the voudoos have become rather scarce, as the police arrest them as vagrants whenever they put in an appearance.

The country negroes in South Carolina, Georgia and portions of Florida have a very pretty and somewhat poetical superstition. During the stillness of the night, when the gentle swaying pine trees are singing their weird requiems, whole families will sit about their cabin doors and listen intently to this music of the forest. In its changing melody they hear the voices of dead friends predicting good or evil for the future or revealing secrets of the tomb.

No reward could induce the negro surfmen on the North Carolina coast to walk along the beach at night, especially during a storm, when the lightning is flashing and the huge white-capped breakers come sputtering in on the sandy beach. They imagine they can see in the phosphorescent light the forms of sailors who were lost at sea, riding in astride of the huge billows. On account of this superstition it has been found impossible to induce negro coastmen to enter the life-saving service, no matter how well adapted they may be for the work. The tedious night patrol along the desolate seashore is what they object to. The average seashore negro would almost rather die than to encounter the vague form of a departed sailor man in the surf or on the beach.

There are many minor superstitions among the colored people. If a cow stops in front of a house and bellows it is a sure sign that some one on the premises will die. If the cow bellows twice the party marked for dissolution will die in two days, two weeks or two months. Should the animal bellow five times, which is a rare occurrence, a death will occur in less than one week. When a cock enters the house and crows therein, it means that the family will have visitors. To crow just outside the door indicates that the residents of the house will be suddenly called away on a mission. Sometimes an overfed hen will make a sound which resembles the faint crowing of a young rooster. This is regarded as an evil omen, and the luckless hen is always decapitated when the owner is at all superstitious. Scientists say the sound is caused by indigestion. The darkies have a verse they repeat in this connection. It is this:

A whistling woman
And a crowing hen
Will never come
To any good end.

The owl usually hoots three times. When this uncanny bird forgets itself and increases the number of hoots to four or five, the plantation negroes regard it as an omen of sickness, starvation or death. To kill a cat means that the person who did the killing will have seven years of bad luck. To catch a water-snake on your fishing-line is a sure sign that your enemies are trying to entrap and kill you. Thus the negroes say:

Catch a snake,
Let him go,
For death is a comin'
Sho and sho.

To see a flock of crows hovering about your house is a very bad sign, and to drop your Bible while going to church indicates that the devil is after you. To see three white horses at the same time is an omen of death, and to find a toad frog in your path is a certain sign that a marriage will shortly take place in your family. The average Southern darky sees an omen for good or evil in nearly every animate and inanimate object, and they believe in these omens almost as religiously as they do in the Bible.—*Brooklyn Citizen.*

—Blondin, of tight rope fame, will return to this country next summer after an absence of over twenty years.

A PRISON SHOE-SHOP.

How the Convicts Work in the Virginia State Penitentiary.

One visit made by members of Post five of Lynn while at Richmond was of unusual interest, and a slight description of it will no doubt be interesting. The visit referred to was that enjoyed by a very few to the Richmond penitentiary. This old-time prison is one of the oldest buildings of its kind in the United States. It was built in 1797 and now contains eight hundred and eighteen prisoners, four-fifths of whom are blacks. All are clothed in prison uniform. The youngest prisoner within the walls is a colored boy, thirteen years old, who is serving a life sentence for the murder of his brother by shooting.

As many of our citizens know, the industry of the penitentiary is shoemaking; the work is controlled by and is for a shoe company of Lynn, Mass., and a great amount of work is executed, forty to fifty cases of shoes being turned out per day. The large prison is really a mammoth shoe shop, as no other work is carried on there. Every branch of the work is kept by itself, and each room and the prisoners therein are in charge of a foreman and overseer. The foreman pays his whole attention to directing the work, while the overseer's duty is to preserve order, enforce the rules of the institution, only as far as his room goes, however, and only for such length of time as his men are in his room doing their work.

Every prisoner, when he has learned one branch of shoemaking, is required to do a stint. Some learn quickly, and soon become fine workmen, performing their duty in quick time, and then take half a day's rest. Others, in the same line of work, require all day to do the certain number of pairs expected of them. A certain length of time is given beginners in which to work before the stint is given. In case the novice shows a disposition to do his best, and still does not perform the required amount of work per day, because of his lack of experience and practice, he receives a warning, and an additional suggestion, perhaps, and finally becomes able to perform the amount of work assigned him. On the other hand, if a man will not learn, or refuses to do the number of pairs required, he is taken by the overseer to a place of retirement, held over a barrel by two convicts and given a certain number of lashes on the back. After this there is little or no trouble.

The whipping is done with a single leather lash. Punishment ranges from five to thirty-nine lashes, the latter number being but seldom administered, and only in cases of very serious misdemeanor. An occasional spoiling of a shoe while in course of manufacture calls for a reprimand from the overseer, but when the accidents occur often and are caused by carelessness, or perhaps done on purpose, the barrel act is next on the programme.

In the lasting department there are many expert workmen, and some of the lasters are not likely to become unaccustomed to the work as they are in for life. An ordinary prisoner, when learning to last, usually requires seven weeks' practice before he can do good work reasonably fast. Some have learned in five weeks, but such cases are rare. Those who are expert in whatever department they are employed are permitted to do extra work, and receive pay in cash. The prisoners are allowed five ounces of tobacco per week, and when not at work they are allowed to smoke their pipes in the corridors facing their cells, where they promenade or bask in the sun in front of their cell door. This is the universal custom when the prisoner has finished his stint and takes his lay-off rest and recreation.

The prisoners do more or less trading among themselves, money, tobacco, sugar and similar articles being the stock in trade. The male inmates also go in for a little amusement among themselves. One specialty, which affords amusement and a trade combined, is the administering of lashes, one prisoner with another, in exchange for half a cup of sugar, a piece of tobacco or a trinket. One receives the whipping and the sugar, while the others apply the rod and enjoy the fun. Our party was informed that some of the negroes thought nothing of the lash, and would take "thirty-nine" without a flinch. Such ones are not plenty.

Of the white men and women among the prisoners, but few are able to read or write. The greater portion of all who occupy cells in the prison were committed for thieving. This is particularly the case with the women prisoners, who are in a wing of the penitentiary by themselves. The women do stitching, although a good part of the sewing machines are in another part of the prison and are operated by men.—*Lynn (Mass.) Item.*

—"I am ugly—positively ugly—dish-faced and goggle-eyed. I am at a loss what business to engage in. Please give me your advice—HUGH." Well, Hugh, it seems to us that, with a dish-face and saucer eyes, you ought to set up in the crockery line.—*Pittsburgh Chronicle.*

—Visitor—"Do they have calisthenics at this school, Tommy?" Tommy—"No, ma'am, but they have measles. I'm coming down with 'em now."—*Tid-Bits.*

A BABY GIRL'S PRANKS.

How She Won the Hearts of the Occupants of a Railway Car.

There was a baby in the railway car the other day. It was not an unusual child, but it had a decidedly bright face and pretty ways. For the first few miles she was very quiet, and her blue eyes looked about in wonderment, for evidently it was the little one's first ride in the cars. Then, as she became used to the roar and rumble, the baby proclivities asserted themselves, and she began to play with her father's mustache. At first the father and mother were the only parties interested, but soon a young lady in an adjacent seat nudged her escort and directed his attention to the laughing child. He looked up, remarked that it was a pretty baby and tried to look unconcerned, but it was noticed that his eyes wandered back to the spot occupied by the happy family, and he commenced to smile. The baby pulled the hair of the old maid in front, who turned around savagely and glared at the father with a look that plainly said: "Nuisances should be left at home." But she caught sight of the laughing black eyes of the baby, and when she turned back her face had lost the angular, strained look of disappointment, and she seemed pleased about something. Several others had become interested in the child by this time, business men and young clerks, old ladies and girls, and when the baby hands grasped the large silk hat of her father and placed it on her own head, it made such a comical picture that an old gentleman across the way, unable to restrain himself, burst into a loud guffaw, and then looked sheepishly out of the window, as if ashamed to be caught doing such an unmanly thing. Before another five minutes he was playing peek-a-boo across the aisle with the baby, and every one was envying him.

The ubiquitous young man, ever on the move, passed through, but he was at a loss to account for the frowns of every body. He had failed to notice the baby, which every one was now interested in. The brakeman looked in from his post on the platform and smiled. The paper boy found no custom till he had spoken to the baby and jingled his pocket of change for her edification. The conductor caught the fever and chucked the little one under the chin, while the old gentleman across the aisle forgot to pass up his ticket, so interested was he in playing peek-a-boo. The old maid in front relaxed, and diving into her reticule unearthed a brilliant red pippin and presented it bashfully to the little one, who, in response, put her chubby arms around the donor's neck and pressed her rosy little mouth to the old maid's cheek.

It brought back a flood of remembrances to that withered heart, and a handkerchief was seen to brush first this way and then that, as if to catch a falling tear. The train sped on and pulled into the station where the baby, with her parents, was to leave the car. A look of regret came over every face. The old gentleman asked if he couldn't kiss it just once, the old maid returned the caress she had received, and the baby moved toward the door, shaking a by-by over the shoulder of her papa, to which every one responded, including the newsboy, who emphasized his farewell with a wave of his hat. The passengers rushed to the side where the baby got off, and watched till she turned out of sight at the other end of the station, shaking by-bys all the time. They lapsed into silence.

They missed that baby, and not one of them would be unwilling to acknowledge it. The little one's presence had let a rift of sunshine into every heart, warm or cold, in that car. Business men had forgotten for a while their schemes for the day, the girls had omitted to follow up their train of thoughts about that new dress and the fellows had left off thoughts of base ball, and looked into the future when they would call a sweet girl of their acquaintance "wife," and perhaps have just such a little piece of sunshine playing on their knee. Every body was better for the presence of that baby, and its happy face was pictured in many thoughts that day as men pored over columns of figures or talked abstractedly of stocks and securities.—*Newburyport (Mass.) News.*

Yankee Shrewdness.

A Northern shoe merchant set up a shop in Vicksburg several years ago, and buying his stock of the manufacturer he had always dealt with, without reference to any peculiarities among his new patrons, found himself loaded with an absolutely unsalable lot of shoes. At first he thought his case was hopeless, and then noticing that the few small numbers he had were too small really for the people that called for them, he tumbled to the real state of the case. The Vicksburg ladies were greatly gratified at his diplomatically loud avowals that he had bought his stock all wrong through ignorance of the tininess of the Southern foot, and when he at considerable expenditure of time and ingenuity, managed to mark a large part of his stock over again and invited them to come and see his goods bought for little feet, he drove a good trade, and he says saved himself from bankruptcy. As a fact, however, he did have a few boxes of advanced sizes for which he had no call whatever.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

DOLLY.

She Accompanies Her Husband to see the President and Sees Him.

I told Will some time ago that when President Cleveland came to St. Louis I must see him, and since he had an equal anxiety to see the President's wife, we made our preparations and went.

Certainly we did not take the "babies" with us. I learned long since that it is absolute torture to take small children in a crowd, not alone to the mother, but to the children themselves, and so ours were left in excellent care at home. We secured a rather comfortable room at the Lindell and then we began to see the President. First we saw him at the fair grounds where he was greeted by 5,000 children all in gala attire, and where he rode around the amphitheatre and baked his bald head beneath the rays of a sun that in some respects is a "Mugwump," since it has shone on many parties, and where he kissed a little kindergarten "tot" and made himself generally free and democratic. Of course Mrs. Cleveland was with him and as to how she looked and behaved I must refer you to that husband of mine. He said, in that familiar way which would seem to indicate that he had in the halcyon days of childhood eaten taffy from the same stick with her that "Frankie was as pretty as a coach dog, as trim as a racer and as graceful as a ballet girl." I said: "She has fine eyes, which she uses with an effect born of experience and the desire of a second term, and her smile cannot be outdone by a Sozodont advertisement."

Will glanced at me a second, and then, with a man's tact, said: "Dolly, of course she is not as pretty as you are, you know, but she is pretty enough for Grover, eh?" "Bah!" I said, "don't be a fool, Will. I certainly can bear to hear another woman praised without having myself salved over, but you must remember that a woman sees another woman with the spectacles which point out deficiencies, and I say that Mrs. Grover Frances Folsom Cleveland is nearly an average looking woman, with the one redeeming quality of a pleasant expression." 'All right, Dolly," answered Will, "but at any rate we will see as much of her as possible, and to that end we had better get back to the city."

You will notice that Will said "her," and I actually believe he never looked at the president once, for he cautiously asked me as we were coming home if I didn't think "Grover wore a wig?" I said, "Yes, I suppose so, but it looks to me as if hair was scarce when it was made." Will laughed and said slyly, "Well you know Dolly, he is heirless and of course his 'wig' had to match." "Certainly," I responded, but no more of that, if you please, Willie, this occasion is to be an heir loom in the family." Will was awed into silence by this and kept silent until we were once more safely at the Lindell and then he said, "I must be presented to Frankie, Dolly, I want to everlastingly squelch Mayor Francis and Grif Prather and the rest of these fellows, and make Dick Gentry and Tom Kehoe and Bill Steele as sick as roaches in a keg of stale beer." "Well," I said, "but why can't you wait for the ball, you know we are going to that." "Oh I dunno," I can't wait I guess, that is the only reason, but I say, Dolly, what do you think of the case anyhow, do you believe there is a woman in the United States who would have refused the position occupied by the president's wife even though she had to wed a weasel eyed man with a bald wig to get it?" "No," I answered, "I do not; there is something in being at the very pinnacle of power which neither man nor woman can resist, and yet, Will, I am quite sure that plenty of women would not give up their own husbands for the sake of being in Mrs. Cleveland's place, and if you will not quite lose your head, I may say, your wife is one of the number." Will laughed and said, "I think, Dolly, there is a loose bill in my vest pocket which you can have," and I secured it at once.

To get back to the presidential menagerie. We went to the Lindell reception, where we fought, bled, and almost died in the crowd; we shook the presidential paw and saw the woman who was "going to kiss Grover," whether or no; we counted noses after coming out of the affair alive; we trotted with extravegant and foolish haste to the music hall and stood two excruciating hours in line before the doors were opened, and then were nearly crushed to death by the biggest lot of jackasses ever seen in Missouri, great as it is in productions of this kind; we heard women screaming with fright and hurts, and children crying and moaning, and heard men swearing in seventeen languages, but—we saw the president and Will at least saw his wife; we went back to the hotel and swathed in arnica and the next night Will put on his spike-tail and I put on a dress that was a "cutaway" at the top and a "clutter-the-way" at the bottom, and we again wrestled with a crowd; and again we saw—the president and his consort, who in a truly "Jefferson simplicity" manner sat on a raised dias and played the Mikado act with great success. Of course we saw some lovely dresses, or that is, I did, and admired the red plush dress which the president's wife wore even enough to satisfy her. We also saw, or that is, Will did, some of the scrawniest and antique necks ever seen in America, and some of the homliest women. Truly it may be said that, with few exceptions, St. Louis beauty does not grow on the parent stem of the old and aristocratic families, or if it does, it is careful not to appear at the annual ball of the Veiled Prophets.

Well, after the departure of the "Mikado," the ball went on, but Will and myself had had enough and we did not linger. We, however, saw the president, and of course his wife, several other times, and finally even Will said, "Oh, chestnuts," when he saw the four black horses and the coach and the out riders and the hired carriages which heralded the presidential party, and I echoed him mentally although I could not refrain from saying, "I thought you never could tire of—'Frankie,' and you know you were just dying to squelch Mayor Francis and make Dick Gentry and Tom Kehoe sick." "Yes, I know," Will answered, "but, Dolly, let us have peace," and I was more than willing. Yours, DOLLY.

The Recorder's Court

"Well," said Recorder Levens yesterday morning, as he adjutsed his spectacles, and drew his head down close to the docket, "I see the name of James Wheeler on here again, charged with the usual offense of intoxication. What is getting to be the matter with you, Wheeler?" continued the Judge; "this is the third morning now that you have been brought up here. Why did you go and get drunk again? Have you no plea but just you appetite?"

"I have a plea, Judge," replied Wheeler; "I have prayed to God to control my appetite."

Judge—"You can't depend on God long; you have got to depend upon yourself."

Wheeler—"God helps the man that helps himself."

Capt. Peckham,—"Judge, I wish to say a word; Wheeler is not one of our members; we have only paid him for taking care of our hall."

Wheeler—"I feel convicted before my God, and I am very sorry that I am here."

Judge—"Now look here, Wheeler, if you come back here I am going to fine you heavily, but will be easy on you this time by fining you only $5."

The case of Minnie Williams was called next, who was charged with disturbing the Salvation meeting on Friday night by talking and laughing. Minnie was not ready for trial, and the case was continued until Monday morning. The girl states that she was only eating an apple, and that she will devolve some facts in the trial that will astonish the natives.

Joseph Kelk, a German, was charged with trespassing upon railroad property. He pleaded guilty, and was fined $3 and sent below.

Richard Roe, who disturbed the peace of Mollie Coffman on Friday night, by breaking down the door of her room, and smashing things up generally—Mollie included—was fined $10 and costs, which he paid.

Cold Prisoners.

There has been a controversy among the authorities as to whose business it is to purchase a stove for the city caboose, and the result is, that one or two of the past cold nights have made it pretty severe for the prisoners.

Marshal Jackson says he has no authority to purchase a stove, and the city council don't seem to be disposed to take hold of the matter, or at least they haven't, and it begins to look as though the prisoners were going to be compelled to huddle together and keep warm among themselves, providing they are all placed in one cell.

Pioneer Gone.

Abraham Wirt Van Horn died yesterday afternoon, at 3 o'clock, at his residence on North Grand avenue. Mr. Van Horn was born at Winchester, Va., March 17, 1805, and soon after his marriage moved to Missouri, residing for a number of years at Fulton, but of late has lived in Sedalia. The funeral took place at 2 o'clock this afternoon, from the Southern M. E. church. Deceased was in his 83d year, and had a large circle of friends, who will mourn his loss.